

# Elton John, The Ballad Of Danny Bailey (1909-34)

Some punk with a shotgun  
Killed young Danny Bailey  
In cold blood, in the lobby  
Of a downtown motel.

Killed him in anger,  
A force he couldn't handle,  
Helped pull the trigger  
That cut short his life.

And there's not many knew him  
The way that we did,  
Sure enough he was a wild one  
But then aren't most hungry kids?

Now it's all over Danny Bailey,  
And the harvest is in.  
Dillinger's dead  
I guess the cops won again  
Now it's all over Danny Bailey,  
And the harvest is in.

We're running short of heroes  
Back up here in the hills,  
Without Danny Bailey  
We're gonna have to break up our stills.

So mark his grave well  
'Cause Kentucky loved him.  
Born and raised proper  
I guess life just bugged him.

And he found faith in danger,  
A life style he lived by,  
A runnin' gun youngster  
In a sad restless age.